

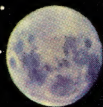
FORD TIMES

JULY 1980

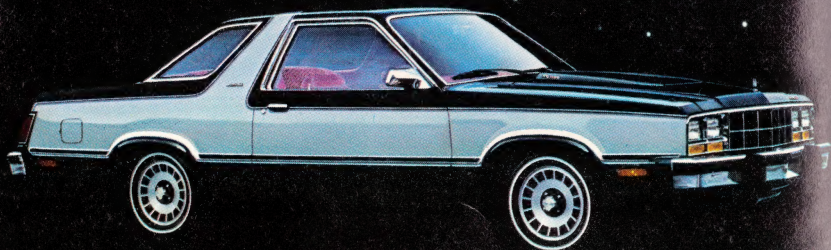
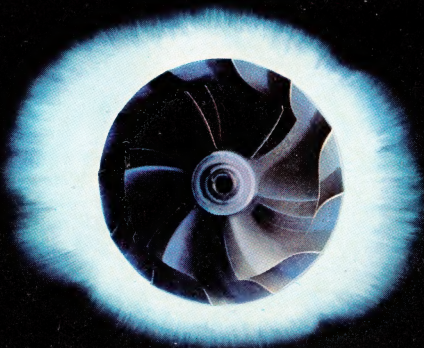


COLLECTING
PRESIDENTIAL AMERICANA





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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

July 1980, Vol. 73, No. 7

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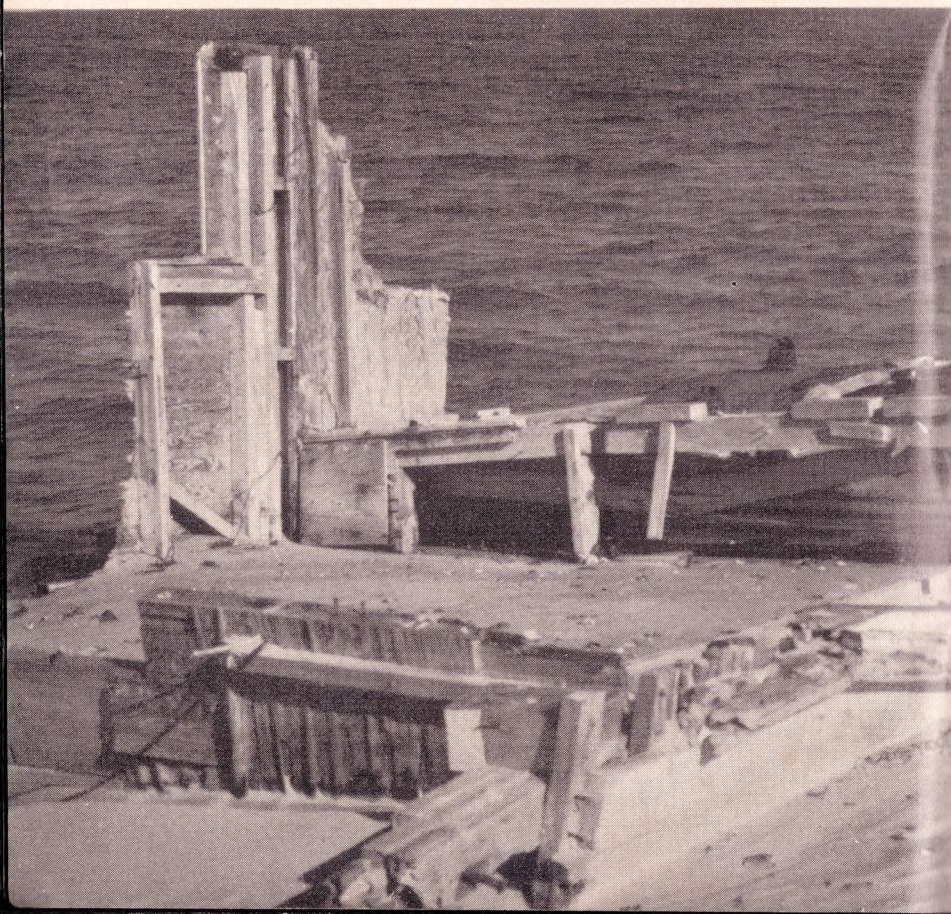
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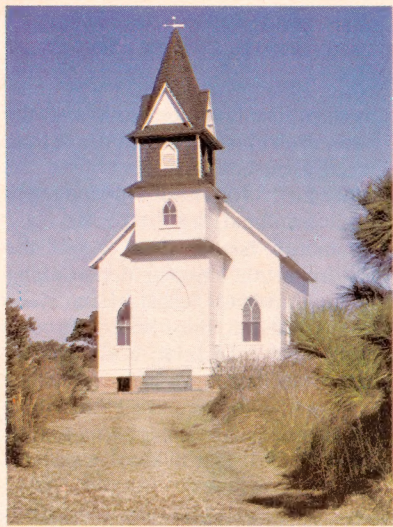
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Cover: The U.S. presidential candidates aren't the only ones looking forward to the nominating conventions this summer. Stan Gores is, too. He collects presidential campaign Americana, and the conventions are a good time for him to add to his collection, part of which appears on the cover. A description of the cover mementoes appears with the story beginning on page 8. Photo by Jerry Kolesar.

Portsmouth North Carolina's Once-Bustling Island

story and photos by George X. Sand





DRIVERS following State Highway 12 southward over the low chain of sandy barrier islands that make up Cape Hatteras National Seashore are prevented from continuing on to the adjoining Cape Lookout National Seashore. They are obliged to stop at bridgeless Ocracoke Inlet.

There is, however, a way to explore the nearest of these additional islands



of the now-roadless Outer Banks chain. That nearest island is Portsmouth, the first of the Core and Shackleford banks that represent the longest remaining stretch of undeveloped beachfront along the entire Atlantic coast.

In the quaint village of Ocracoke there are capable small-boat operators who will, for a nominal fee when the weather is good, ferry visitors across the inlet to Portsmouth. You also can make arrangements in Ocracoke with Alonzo Burrus, area ferry concessioner for the National Park

Service. The trip is a safe and comfortable 30-minute crossing and the boatman will return for you at an agreed-upon hour.

In the 1840s, about 600 people lived on bustling, 10-mile-long Portsmouth Island, then one of the most important shipping depots along North Carolina's coast. Each year some 1,400 tall ships sailed through nearby Ocracoke Inlet, bringing cargoes and colonists from many foreign lands to the Portsmouth village harbor at the north end of the island. There, halted by the shoal waters of



Pamlico Sound, the heavy-draft ocean vessels had to transfer their cargoes to shallow-draft boats that could reach the mainland. Afterwards, the tall ships would sail away, their wooden holds now filled with lumber, turpentine and tar.

Some of the shrewd Outer Bankers who engaged in this transshipping became very wealthy. It is said that one shipper refused to sell his huge warehouse on Portsmouth Island even when an eager Spanish captain offered to cover the entire roof of the big building with gold coins.

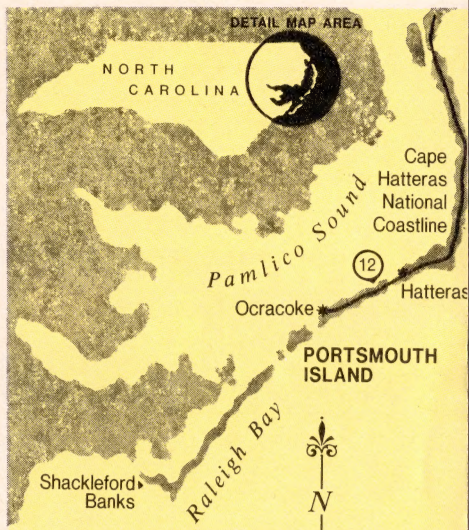
The wealthy owner would regret his decision, however, for Portsmouth declined as a depot when new shipping operations developed.

The residents of Portsmouth turned to fishing. A large menhaden processing plant was erected in 1866. But Portsmouth's tricky shallow waters proved to be the island's undoing. The fish-processing plant closed three years later.

Many of the islanders left during the hard times of the 1920s. By 1950 only 14 remained. The last resident left in 1971.

As you go ashore at the northeast corner of the island at Haulover Point, you will be standing where wharves, warehouses and lightering craft once serviced the large sailing ships.

A road to the point seems to invite you to proceed between ancient wind-twisted cedars with dark scaly-barked trunks and shrubs of yaupon and holly with small oval, glossy leaves. The early Portsmouth villagers made a



purgative tea from yaupon leaves. The shrubs with long, slender leaves are myrtle, a relative of bayberry.

At the first crossroads is a small frame post office building facing a tiny cemetery across a grassy clearing. The post office, which used to have a general store attached to it, was the social and information hub of the village. The cemetery is the largest of five scattered around the village and contains about 35 to 40 graves. As visitors read the weather-stained inscriptions on the gravestones, they are apt to reflect on the dramatic lives that must have been led in this now-quiet village. No voice from the past comes to tell of the days when the huge warehouses of adjacent Shell



Castle Island bulged with cargo. Then, the docks and streets swarmed with busy men and women.

Winding paths lead over narrow wooden footbridges, past the abandoned post office, south across a marsh to a one-room schoolhouse where classes were taught until 1943, and east to a gleaming white Methodist church. Inside the spotless church, neatly painted pews and a silent organ wait for a congregation and choir that

come no more. Visitors to the island occasionally leave money in the collection plate for the upkeep of the church. Some of the paths merge with others that lead to all-but-hidden homes scattered among thick growths of trees and shrubs.

Despite the quietness of the island, you remain aware of human presence. The grass paths are neatly mowed. There may even be wash hanging from a backyard clothesline or smoke

curling lazily from a neat white cottage surrounded by a picket fence. But chances are you will see no one.

The island's buildings are occasionally occupied by people holding National Park Service leases and who value their privacy. Visitors, therefore, should treat these buildings as private homes. (There is a long waiting list for people interested in such leases at Portsmouth.)

West of the church past four houses is a long, unoccupied stretch of road. Beyond the road is the former U.S. Life-Saving Station. It has a watchtower and large ramps leading up to large doors on the building. Surf rescue boats were kept behind the doors and in an emergency these boats were easily taken down the ramps and out to sea.

In 1870, lives were lost near here when the sidewheeler *Rebecca Clyde* was driven shore by a terrible gale. And in 1903 the barkentine *Vera Cruz* foundered offshore with 399 Cape Verde islanders aboard. The vessel's captain, believed to have been trying to smuggle these aliens into the country, made it ashore and fled.

The cedar-shingled station — still in good repair — was built in 1894 and remained in commission until 1937. It was briefly reactivated during World War II, then sold to members of a duck-hunting club for just a few hundred dollars. Now the National Park Service has restored the exterior to its original appearance.

About 100 yards south of the station, surrounded by vegetation, is the

cistern of an old marine hospital. The cistern was built about 1853, to provide fresh water for sick seamen, but it was used by villagers as well. The hospital burned in 1894, and the cistern remains as one of the oldest structures in Portsmouth village.

As you trudge back to the landing site where the boatman from Okracoke awaits you, you try to visualize what Portsmouth village must have been like in its heyday. When its barrooms echoed with the shouts of sailors from many lands. When dozens of swift windjammers crowded into Portsmouth harbor in a single day. The air must have been filled with the odors of spices and tarred rope.

There are questions you would like to ask. Those big gray stones that sometimes may still be seen . . . were they once used for ship ballast? Did Outer Bankers of that day use the Elizabethan accents of their forefathers, saying "Toyme" for time and "loyke" for like?

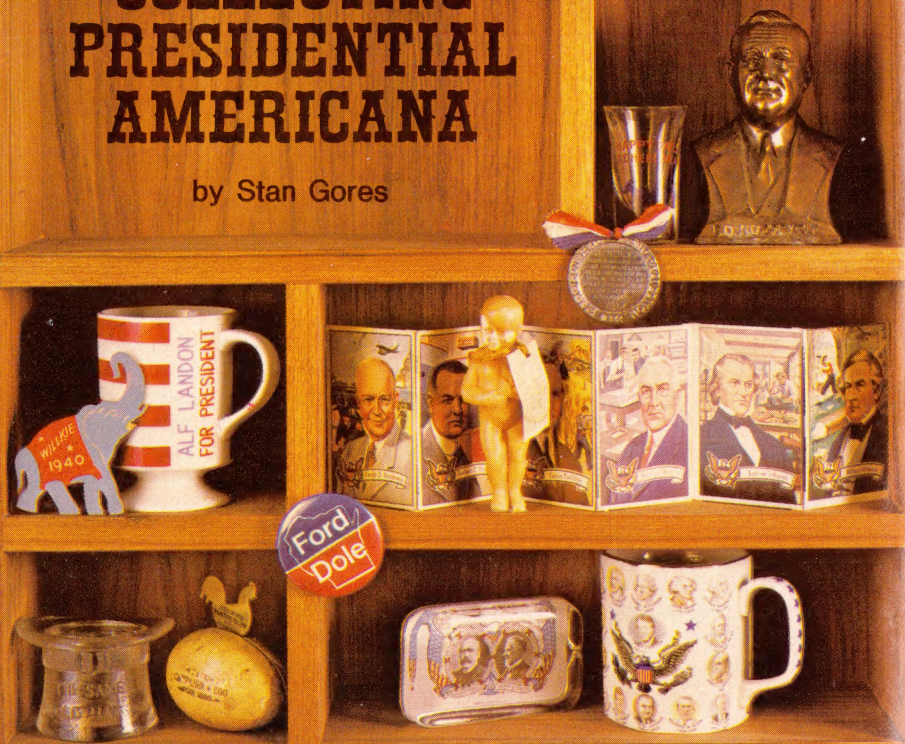
As you retrace your steps, you find yourself wishing that a door would open in one of the homes, that someone from the past would step out onto a porch to talk to you. Instead, the wind continues to sigh through the gnarled cedars. Beyond the dunes, gulls cry faintly above the endless murmur of the sea. □

Editor's note: For more information about Portsmouth, write to Cape Lookout National Seashore, P. O.-Box 690, 415 Front Street, Beaufort, North Carolina 28516.



COLLECTING PRESIDENTIAL AMERICANA

by Stan Gores



With the nominating
conventions at hand, it's a
great time to begin
acquiring campaign mementoes

WITH THE much-ballyhooed primaries behind us and the 1980 nominating conventions about to convene, the first noisy hurrahs of the presidential election are being heard all across the land. To most Americans, this marks the beginning of a treasured exercise in democracy. But to thousands of collectors of presidential and political Americana it is more than that. It is a time to add to an infinite variety of campaign mementoes that have mirrored the aspirations of candidates since our country began.

No matter where a collector may live, short journeys to flea markets, auctions, rummage sales and antique shops can turn up many interesting items from previous campaigns. Bargains are still plentiful, even though inflation and a growing national appreciation for Americana in recent years have caused prices to rise. But the only major requirements for those joining the hunt are a basic awareness of history, persistence and the blessing of a little luck.

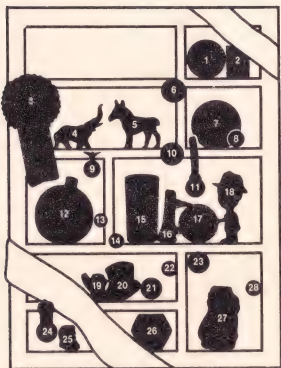
Campaign buttons that carry pictures of the candidates and their slogans always have gotten the most at-

tention, even though they represent only one segment of the vast supply of political collectibles still available. There are, for example, watch fobs, plates, bread trays, clay pipes, pitchers, ash trays, tumblers, paperweights, toby jugs, jackknives, medals, collar boxes, hats, canes, pill boxes, statuettes, banks, dolls, posters, doorstops, tiepins, clocks, bookmarks, serving trays, torches, pocketbooks, razors, pennants, tiles — the list is almost endless. As in every field of collecting, some items are costly but the majority are well within the range of the average American's wallet.

Campaign items got their start at the time of George Washington's inauguration. Clothing buttons were produced for the occasion that carried the slogan, "Long Live the President." Many reproductions have been made; the originals are highly prized — and difficult to find. The output for all the early presidents, in fact, was extremely limited, and not until Andrew Jackson began trying to get to the White House in 1824 did a few more diversified political items begin to appear.

One rare campaign piece, dating to Jackson's 1828 race against John Quincy Adams, as well as his 1832 triumph over Henry Clay, is known to collectors as "the Jackson frog." It's an iron doorstop made in the form of a bullfrog. Embossed on the back of the frog is the wording, "I Croak for the Jackson Wagon." This is interpreted to mean that the frog croaked his greeting as a salute to those Jackson

photos by Jerry Kolesar



Cover: (1) Abraham Lincoln paperweight, (2) George Washington glass box, (3) James Blaine ribbon, (4) Republican bank, (5) Democratic bank, (6) Republican convention button, (7) William Taft-James Sherman tray, (8) Grover Cleveland-Adlai Stevenson pillbox, (9) Grover Cleveland badge, (10) Democratic convention button, (11) William Jennings Bryan watch fob, (12) John Logan canteen, (13) Dwight Eisenhower-Richard Nixon button, (14) Alfred Landon button, (15) John Kennedy tumbler, (16) William McKinley horn, (17) Wendell Willkie compact, (18) Lyndon Johnson doll, (19) Theodore Roosevelt pipe, (20) William Taft bank, (21) Jimmy Carter paperweight, (22) Hubert Humphrey button, (23) anti-Eleanor Roosevelt button, (24) William McKinley badge, (25) Rutherford Hayes toby mug, (26) Woodrow Wilson tile, (27) William Taft toby mug, (28) John Lindsay button

supporters who were traveling by wagon to attend a rally for their favorite presidential candidate. A similar frog was later produced for Daniel Webster, the great orator, who made an unimpressive showing in the election of 1836 and lost to Martin Van Buren.

Campaign collectibles really came into their own during the race of 1840,

when William H. Harrison's log-cabin-and-barrel-of-cider slogan stimulated the production of tokens, bottles, decorated chinaware, silk ribbons and glass cup plates, just to list a sampling of the variety. From that time on, the manufacture of promotional items was assured. There was sad irony in all the things made to get Harrison into the White House, however, for he



(1) Theodore Roosevelt bookend, (2) William McKinley spoon, (3) Republican salt and pepper shakers, (4) Gerald Ford-Robert Dole and Jimmy Carter-Walter Mondale ribbons, (5) and (6) Woodrow Wilson match holders, (7) William Jennings Bryan mug, (8) Franklin Roosevelt head-nodder, (9) Benjamin Harrison-Whitelaw Reid medal, (10) Happy Days shot glass, (11) Franklin Roosevelt bank, (12) Wendell Willkie elephant badge, (13) Alfred Landon mug, (14) presidential cards, (15) William Jennings Bryan soap baby, (16) Gerald Ford-Robert Dole badge, (17) Henry Harrison glass hat, (18) Benjamin Harrison-Levi Morton wooden egg, (19) Alton Parker-Henry Davis paperweight, (20) Jimmy Carter and presidents' mug

caught cold on his inauguration day and died after only a month in office.

By the time Abraham Lincoln was seeking the presidency, the medals of earlier campaigns were supplemented by ferrotype badges. These consisted of portraits of the candidates on metal, with the pictures surrounded by an attractive brass rim. Today good ferrotypes of Lincoln often cost hundreds of dollars — and usually are found in the displays of advanced collectors.

Buttons, over the years, have inspired much competition among those who seek souvenirs from presidential campaigns. While some that have become rarities are expensive, there are thousands that still can be acquired in the 25 cents to \$5 range. And if you're willing to overlook a few minor flaws, you can add some items that might even be beyond your general financial range.

It should be mentioned, too, that not all buttons are flattering to the candidates. At the time Franklin Roosevelt was in office, his political adversaries turned out a "No Third Term" button. Admittedly red-faced at his reelection, they later offered one that read, "No Fourth Term Either." And of course Eleanor Roosevelt also was on the firing line. Those who opposed her husband had pins made that bore the message, "We Don't Want Eleanor Either." There have been other candidates who have endured worse. One cardboard item, circulated by those who didn't like him, pictured William Jennings Bryan in a coffin.

Speaking of Bryan, presidential winners are not the only ones whose promotional relics are sought by collectors. Souvenirs of losers also are desirable. Bryan, who lost in 1896 and 1900 and went down for a third time in 1908, is represented in hundreds of collections because of the tons of campaign items that were manufactured to promote his candidacy. Henry Clay, another loser, is remembered by an old clay pipe that bears his image. Ferrotypes of Stephen A. Douglas bring high prices. And in more recent history, who can ever forget the Kansas sunflower buttons of loser Alf Landon or the erroneous *Chicago Tribune* headline that reported Thomas Dewey a victor over Harry Truman.

Recognizing the physical if not financial impossibility of trying to acquire everything, many collectors have begun to specialize in just one

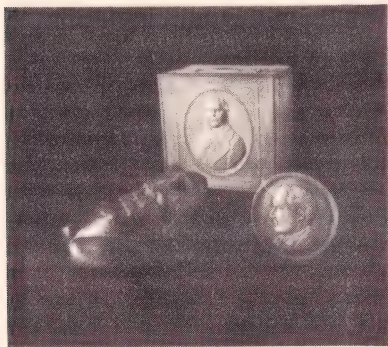
John Kennedy campaign memorabilia



candidate or one election campaign. Some may concentrate on Herbert Hoover and Al Smith, searching for souvenirs that recall their political confrontation in 1928. Growing numbers have turned to Richard Nixon, the only president who ever resigned. Salt and pepper shakers that picture Pat and Richard Nixon are popular with collectors, and can be easily found for around \$10 or \$12 a pair. Gerald Ford collectibles also move well because he was in office a comparatively short time, plus the fact that he was elevated to the White House through unprecedented historic circumstances.

Interest in political Americana has increased to such an extent that national conventions now are held regularly by those who collect it. Members of the American Political Item Collectors (1054 Sharpsburg Drive, Huntsville, Alabama 35803), whose

Andrew Jackson doorstop (left), Chester Arthur collar box (center), Warren Harding souvenir medal



ranks have included congressmen and other prominent people, assemble at various sites around the country to install officers, buy and sell, trade, exchange research data and talk about the pleasures of their hobby. Such meetings are supplemented by state and local sessions that reflect the dedication of those involved.

The hoopla that surrounds every presidential election campaign invariably has brought forth an eruption of political memorabilia that delights collectors. It happened in 1976, when President Jimmy Carter's toothy smile became famous on everything from plates to planters — and the peanut became a symbol of his candidacy. It will happen again this year as those attending the national conventions join campaign workers in circulating another batch of souvenirs designed to keep their favorite in the public eye.

To many, it may seem that the give-aways that appear have little value. The great bulk of them will be discarded. But when the cheering stops, when the spacious convention halls are empty, when all the star-spangled celebrating fades like a gust of wind that rolls across a prairie, then they will suddenly have achieved new status. They will have become the campaign souvenirs of tomorrow, the remnants of another presidential election, the last frivolous record of the hopes and dreams of the candidates and their followers.

And just as surely, they will be collected. □

PERHAPS it was the wind that made it easier to imagine the wheatfields of Kansas as a sea. A strong steady breeze blew from the south, sighing through the trees and fences much like water rushing upon rocks.

It was a hundred and one degrees. The leaves on the trees were blown inside out. Silver-backed. The heat waves shimmered and my view of the world was as if I looked through imperfections in antique glass. I wished myself far, far away from the plains of Kansas and the hot wind.

Over the flat land and the miles I had traveled, I had counted 800 fields of wheat, practiced blowing bubble-gum bubbles inside of bubbles and sung every song I knew. I strained my eyes searching for a different shape on the horizon.

And to my surprise, as if I had created them by the very thought of diversion, there were the Smoky Hill Pyramids. Twenty miles down an old highway, a turn onto a smooth dirt road, dust, cattleguards, and finally, towering over the plains, they appeared, like giant chalk castles. If it hadn't been for the film in my camera that gave lasting evidence of their existence, I might have thought they were only a figment of my heat-baked mind.

These ghost-like structures stirred my imagination. Shadows on the rocks played tricks with my eyes. Faces of old friends and Indian chiefs seemed to flicker across the stones.

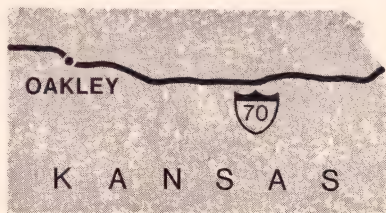
The surrounding ground was white and sunbaked as were the jutting

TREADING SEA BOTTOM IN KANSAS

by Lorrie Meeks

structures. Some rock formations stood more than a hundred feet tall, some were bridged together, others had gaping holes and passageways. Artwork of the earth, sculpted by the hand of erosion.

The heat and wind drew off my senses and took me back to a time when this place was buried under a warm sea. A hundred million years ago, the earth began collecting material for the sculptures. Tiny shell-enclosed animals lived in a warm tropical sea. When they died, their remains sank to the bottom. Over thousands of years the shells gathered until they were hundreds of feet deep.





Geologists believe the earth then shifted and the ocean floor was buried for millions of years. Then the winds and rains of time carved the earth, laying bare the bottom of the sea again. Dry this time.

Very dry myself, I wished for a cooling drink of water there among the chalk formations. I began to feel as parched as the white rocks. It wasn't hard to see how a whole earth could be blown away by the persistent wind.

Not being one for lingering in the hot sun, and not finding any fossils readily apparent, I journeyed into Oakley to the Fick Fossil Museum. There, fossils and more were displayed in the cool comfort of air conditioning.

Within the staid museum walls, my imagination could not so easily run back 100 million years. Flying, toothed birds with a wingspan of 18 feet? Dinosaurs roaming in a tropical environment? Reptiles the highest authorities?

There was proof, though, through the fossils of those creatures: jawbones of beasts, complete skeletons of giant fish, rocks with imprints of thousands of tiny creatures. Some of the bones were those of ancestors of today's animals, but others had no continuing lineage — gone forever with only their fossils left for the world to study and ponder.

The local tabloid said that more than 10,000 petrified shark's teeth and thousands of other fossils had been found in that area. It is the large-

est cretaceous (chalk) fossil bed in the United States.

It is appropriate, when in Kansas, to wonder about the challenge of survival — and the wind — not only 100 million years ago, but today.

A pictorial history of the last hundred years in Kansas appears in another area of the museum. Judging from the photographs, the wind lives in the very homes and minds of the people of Kansas — ever blowing. And not only have Kansans learned to endure the wind; they have come to love it — like lovers of the sea. The wind is their friend, they talk to it, write songs about it; and they even wonder if someday they, too, will be blown by it to the Land of Oz.

But for me, a passerby, I could barely abide the constant blowing. Yet I stepped again into the heat and wind and to my car and headed on down the road.

It was hard to leave the sea and the giant chalk castles behind, only to see the endless wheatfields again. It had been like discovering ancient ruins on my very own, in the middle of Kansas, no less. But the wind drove me on to other sights and seas. □



photo by Stan Clark

Meet LYN ST. JAMES

Professional Race Driver

by Nancy Kennedy

LYN ST. JAMES, a spokeswoman for Ford Motor Company, is a professional driver who has raced at Daytona and Sebring and made racing

history in the prestigious Kellygirl Challenge race by finishing second — the highest finish ever for a woman in a professional road race.



In her new job for Ford, Lyn will address automotive enthusiasts, women's clubs and youth groups as part of Ford's Motorsport Program, detailed in last month's *Ford Times*.

She began her racing career in a stock Ford Pinto, to which she added a roll bar and competition seat belt before entering a race sponsored by her local Sports Car Club of America (SCCA). Her dream is to race in the Indianapolis 500. When she isn't on the lecture circuit or racing, she lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where she is the president and general manager of an automotive parts distributorship. When she visited *Ford Times* recently, I asked her a few questions about driving economically, maintenance of cars, and racing:

Q. How can I drive to save gas?

A. Drive with a balloon foot. Pretend that the gas pedal has a balloon under it that you don't want to break. A gentle, even pressure on the gas pedal saves fuel and eliminates wasteful rabbit starts from traffic lights.

Q. How can a car buyer get to know his or her new car?

A. I check out everything from the gauges to the location of all of the controls on the instrument panel. Then I read the owner's manual for all of the pertinent facts. Of course I drive the car for an hour or so to get the feel of the particular vehicle. Each car has a personality of its own. I really get friendly with my car and am sensitive to any unusual sounds, or even odors that might indicate that all is not well. When I suspect that any-

thing is wrong I have it checked by my dealer immediately. So many people abuse a car and then wonder why it doesn't perform well. My advice is to take good care of your car and it will be a pleasure to drive — and when you sell it, it will be worth much more.

Q. Are men or women better drivers?

A. I think women are. Most women are more sensitive to their surroundings and they also tend to be less reckless and impatient.

Q. What are the benefits of auto racing?

A. Racing is the ultimate test of a machine. Neither laboratory tests nor experimental theories can beat pushing an engine to the ultimate stress in competition. You might say that it is the most dramatic and extreme test. Furthermore, it lets the public share in the knowledge of which cars have the most rugged characteristics. Even economy is improved by some of the engine modifications created for performance events.

Q. Do you have any tips for long-distance driving?

A. First of all the driver must be comfortable. Hold the steering wheel in such a way that there is just a slight bend in the elbow. Often I take off my shoes and drive for a long distance in my stocking feet. The worst thing on a long trip is to wear sneakers — your feet can't breathe — or stiff-soled shoes that make your feet inflexible. Some professional drivers keep a comfortable pair of driving shoes in the car just for a long day on the road. □

HAIL TO THE LAWNMOWER

by David Jonas illustrations by Jared Lee

WHEN I WAS very young, it loomed over me with the power and force of a bulldozer, and when my father started it up, I would remain frozen in my tracks, caught between fear and curiosity.

It was the symbol of manhood and responsibility in my early youth. It had a real motor — not like the blender or the vacuum cleaner. It used gasoline, it roared, it was dangerous. A slip could lope off your toes, my father said. It shot out rocks and I was constantly repositioning myself in our yard, making sure that the chute was pointing somewhere other than where I was.

I can still remember when my father first let me walk with him as he mowed the lawn. For all of his warnings, it seemed incautious of him to let me walk between his arms, my hands grasping the lawn mower's handle overhead, my feet even closer to the whirring blades than his. The engine was much louder there and, for the first time in my life, I could feel the energy of an engine pulsing through my hands.

I pretended to help push, but actually I held on for my life, walking straddle-legged to avoid the blades that might peek past the housing at

any moment. I had no idea that the blades were secured. To me, they were like poisonous snakes that, while spending most of the time under the engine, were by no means compelled to do so.

But I walked upright, for I was proud to be a man at last. Lawn mowing was one of the jobs in the neighborhood that only fathers did. I heard them curse the hot weather and the ever-growing grass, but every Saturday, the men got out their oily rags, rusty funnels and dented gas cans, while the women huddled in their kitchens squeezing lemons and breaking ice cubes in preparation for the return of their warriors.

As a pilot always remembers his first solo flight, I remember the first time I taxied down our driveway alone with a lawn mower in hand. After all the time and effort my father had invested in his 10-year-old son, it was surprising that he sent me off with such nonchalance.

His 50-cent payment served not even as an incentive, such was my joy in the responsibility of mowing the lawn. I overfilled the gas tank and wiped the spilt gas from the engine and housing as I had seen my father do. I checked the oil. I set the choke

When you're growing up,
some of life's lessons can be learned
in your own yard





and pulled the cord with both hands, being careful that my foot rested somewhere within the outline of the foot on the housing. Once the engine started, I adjusted the throttle and began pushing the machine, in an ever-shrinking rectangle, around the yard.

As the years progressed, my attitude toward mowing changed. The first year, I mowed for pride. The second year, I mowed because my father had gotten used to the idea of not mowing. The money, more than a dollar by then, was a factor. While other boys played football or baseball on Saturday morning, I paced my father's domain again and again, swinging around tree trunks with expertise, and trimming the grass near the flower garden without clipping the tulips. Though the roar of the engine no longer excited me, I was satisfied by my feeling of mastery over the machine.

There was a brief rekindling of lawn mowing enthusiasm at the end of

my third summer of responsibility when I discovered that running with the lawn mower could get me in shape for football. Also, I had been told that girls considered it macho for boys to mow lawns without shirts and I quickly shed the obstructive garment.

The itching was incredible, as insects, grass and sweat combined to form a torturous ointment on my back, but I was honing my social skills and such discomfort was to be endured. The next year, I tired of masochism and returned, with shirt on back, to mowing with the dull determination of a caged animal pacing its territory.

It was at this time that the idea first entered my mind that my father could be wrong about things. I was fast approaching puberty and on the brink of a seven-year stint that my mother recalls as hell. For the rest of my teens, my parents would invariably be wrong and strong-headed, and I would be all-knowing. I would succeed in violating all their rules and they would succeed in imposing the most hideous penalties for such acts of flagrancy. At the end, we would mend our wounds and return to being a family, but as I circled the hyperthyroidic vegetation, as the sun beat down on my sweat-filled eyes, as my body began to break from the strain, and as new and frightening hormones coursed through my bloodstream, I thought that my father had misled me.

This is why. Across the street, Dicky Astle mowed his lawn in lines, back and forth, strip by strip, until the

task was complete. Meanwhile, my rectangular route inevitably produced what seemed to be more turning than mowing. It was frustrating to mimic the pattern of my old-fashioned father while Dicky cut down his rows with the cold, functional attitude of modern man. I was too old to change, I reasoned, and at times I even found myself defending the method. But deep down, I knew that, like the talented musician with the one bad habit from his first teacher, I would be condemned to second-rate lawn mowing forever.

During those battle-torn adolescent years, I took my first faltering steps toward economic independence. I made lawn mowing contracts with the elderly and the childless — all the “unfortunates” who did not have the benefit of young slave labor. They paid me \$5 or \$6, but my father held to \$1.50. The market price for my skills meant nothing to him. I was rebellious but not prone to strikes. I would mow his lawn haphazardly and head for more lucrative territories, pushing his lawn mower, filled with his gasoline, in front of me.

When I left home for college, I began my first period of lawlessness as well. Near the end of spring classes, when term papers and lab reports piled up about me like unwashed laundry, I would go into town and jealously observe the residents as they walked their mowers around barbecues and picnic tables, with the ever-present pitchers of ice tea on top. Ah, to return to a simpler life, I thought,

where the results of one's labor were tangible.

College passed and I now find myself in a city, with a miniscule patch of lawn to tend. I use a hand-powered mower and feel ridiculous. Yet, across the street, they have the same size lawn and a gas-powered mower.

As I sit on my porch, with the grass growing before my eyes, I watch my neighbor instruct his daughter in the dangers and joys of lawn mowing. In my day, a girl never mowed the lawn, though she may have wanted to. Still, some things never change. The blades are whirring too close to her toes for comfort, and I can see her grimace from the noise and the power and the danger.

But she does not run away, for lawn mowing is her first step to adulthood and she is proud of each straddle-legged step. □



BIG FARM FOR LITTLE HORSES

story and photos by Elizabeth C. Mooney



THE MORNING was very young when Tony Garulo and I hung over the stall rail for a first look at the colt, just one hour old and pretty wobbly on his feet.

"How much do you think he weighs?" I asked Tony.

"Maybe four pounds," he said, looking the new colt over with a practiced eye. "Pretty small even for our farm. But he's in good shape."

Four pounds? A horse?

Absolutely. Not a pony, not a freak, but a perfect miniature pinto like his mother, Susabelle, now nudging him to his feet for his first drink of milk.

The colt, all legs at the moment, was the newest addition to the Gettysburg Miniature Horse Farm in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where Garulo keeps America's only breeding herd of the little horses. None of these miniatures weighs more than 350 pounds. There are fewer than 400 such horses in the world and all are descended from Napoleon, a lilliputian horse that was 20 inches tall and weighed 70 pounds.

Garulo and Stuart Erickson, a part owner and manager of the farm, are retired merchant marines. While on shore leave once in Buenos Aires, they visited the ranch of Julio Falabella, whose family has bred the little horses for a century. Garulo and Erickson pooled their money to bring 25 of the horses to the United States.

The Gettysburg farm raises five different types of miniatures: pinto, Appaloosa, shire, race and Arabian.

All are unusually intelligent and easy to train. Most have learned a repertoire of simple tricks from youngsters who come in after school and during the summer to work in the stable. The little horses perform for visitors four times daily in a tiny arena.

Garulo has sold some of his horses, but they're expensive — \$2,500 for an untrained gelding and up to \$50,000 for one of his stars. But mostly they're for admiring, patting and, if you're very, very small, taking a ride on. □

Editor's note: The horse farm is three miles west of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, off U.S. Route 30. Through Labor Day, hours are 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., with visitors admitted until 6 p.m.



GRANADA

THE EXCELLENT VALUE OF A MODERN
AMERICAN CLASSIC





GRANADA IS one of the patrician cars on the American road. Sometimes dubbed "an American classic" because of its styling, it has the understated elegance that derives from European design influence. People who give it a quick look sometimes mistake it for the Mercedes. And its name adds to its impression: the beautiful Spanish city which is the site of the fabled Gardens of the Alhambra.

But it is an American car — noted for its clean styling, its compactness and its roominess. It has been an ideal mid-size choice for a large number of buyers. In fact, since it was introduced in 1974, it has, in its quiet way, attracted well over a million owners.

A five-passenger car, it comes in two- and four-door models with three distinctive trim levels: Granada, Granada Ghia and Granada ESS.

The simplest of the three — the plain Granada — has a high level of standard appointments that suggest cars of much higher cost. These include a flight-bench seat with fold-down center armrest in all-vinyl seat trim, color-keyed cut-pile carpeting, all-vinyl door trim panels, inside hood release and color-keyed instrument panel.

On the outside, Granada is impressive with standard chrome-plated grille and bumpers, bright

stainless-steel full wheel covers, and large tri-colored taillights. There is also bright molding on many trim items, and exclusive "Twindow" opera windows on two-door models.

Granada Ghia is best described by the word "plush." It comes equipped with bodyside, hood and decklid paint stripes; distinctive Ghia badges; wide color-keyed bodyside moldings with integral wheel lip moldings; lower back panel of Odense grain vinyl; and bright left-hand remote-control rear view mirror. Inside luxury includes handy seat-back map pockets, deluxe door trim with burl walnut wood-tone sill appliqué, deluxe steering wheel and seat belt warning chimes that replace the buzzer.

With the Granada ESS we have Ford designers interpreting European automotive styling. There is a blackout grille; black windshield wipers, window frames, bodyside moldings with bright inserts, rocker panels and back panel appliqué; lowered opera window appliqué on two-doors; hood and decklid paint stripes, and color-keyed dual remote-control sport mirrors.

The interior of the Granada ESS continues the European theme via bucket seats with European-style

Pages 24-25: Granada Ghia four-door with Tu-Tone paint. Right: Granada ESS two-door



head restraints, all-vinyl trim and seatback map pockets, seat belt warning chimes, Deluxe Sound Package and leather-wrapped steering wheel.

Granada's standard power team combines a 4.1-liter 250-CID six-cylinder engine with a manual four-speed overdrive transmission, the first three forward gears used normally in city driving and the overdrive for the open road.

The relatively low overdrive gear ratio reduces engine speed without reducing the car's speed. For added performance there is an optional 5.0-liter 250-CID V-8 engine with automatic transmission.

All Granadas come equipped with steel-belted radial-ply tires, manual front disc and rear drum brakes, electronic ignition and coolant recovery system, and are covered by a new limited corrosion perforation warranty.

Even the most exacting hi-fi enthusiast will be pleased with choices in Granada's new family of optional electronic-search radios — all built to Ford's demanding specifications. All have dual front and rear speakers and include AM/FM stereo cassettes with Dolby® noise-reduction systems.

These are only a part of Granada's 1980 values. Here is a car with many practical virtues — roomy comfort for five, low maintenance and your money's worth. It is affordable to buy and affordable to own. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Interior Decor Group with all-vinyl bucket seats





How to make a fish print

YOU CAN EAT YOUR FISH AND HAVE IT, TOO

story and photos by Marian S. Edsall

WHETHER the “trophy” you net on your next fishing trip is a prized big one or just a youngster’s first pan-fish catch, you can “preserve” it with a print that is more memorable than the usual snapshot, more decorative than a stuffed specimen — and you can cook it as usual when you have finished!

Making a fish print or impression, an old Oriental art known as *gyotaku*, requires only a few easily packed ma-

terials. It can be done right on a stream bank or lake shore.

The fish is first washed to remove the natural mucous coating (but not scaled or gutted), dried, and then painted on one side with India ink, watercolor or tempera. A sheet of paper or a piece of cloth is placed over the fish, pressed and rubbed. When this is peeled off, the resulting imprint is a life-sized record of the size and shape of the fish, complete with de-

tails of scales and fins.

In Japan, such prints are accepted as certified entries in game-fishing competitions, and others, intended as artistic representations, are exhibited in art shows.

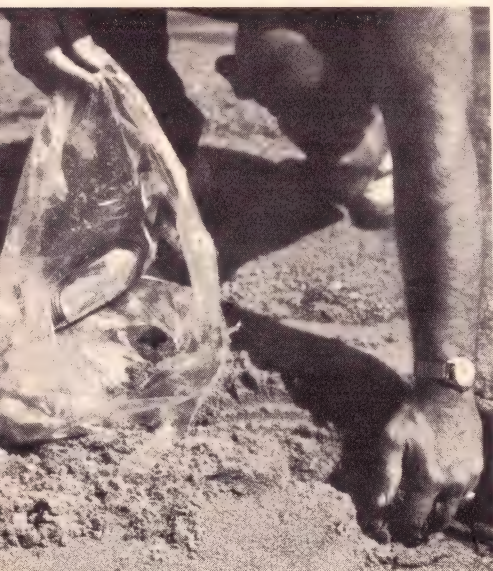
To make a fish print you will need:

- A plastic bag or a piece of plastic
- Detergent
- Strong, absorbent white or colored paper (newsprint works well, or lightweight watercolor or rice paper, available in art supply stores) OR soft-woven cloth (cotton broadcloth, old sheeting or shirting material)
- India ink, tube watercolors or poster paint

- Small mixing bowl
- Paint brush (a flat 1- or 1/2-inch brush works best)
- Paper towels

Cleaning the fish properly is important, for if any mucous or moisture is left on it, it will not print well. With a liquid detergent, wash and rinse the fish several times until there is no trace of slime on the body. Clean in and under the gills and blot the mouth and anal cavities until there is no discharge from these areas when the body is squeezed.

Fill a plastic bag with sand or dig a shallow depression in the ground and line it with plastic sheeting to make a bed to hold the fish firmly in position.



Spread the fins of the fish and insert a pin through the spines on the back to hold them erect.

Paint the entire surface of the fish by brushing the ink or paint in one direction, preferably from head to tail, so that the imprint of the scales will be consistent.

Lay the cloth or paper on the fish, and rub it firmly with your hands over the whole form so that all parts of the fish, including the fins, register. If the specimen is larger than the material on hand, overlap pieces in sections and print the whole surface at one time. (A stunning eight-foot shark print made in this manner hangs on the wall of a Florida fish shop.)

Remove the paper or cloth by peeling it off carefully in one motion. The first print may show up areas that are blurred or smudged from moisture or discharge that was not completely removed. If necessary, rewash, dry and paint the fish again.

A final print is a life-sized impression with interesting detail. (If the eye does not register well, touch it up with ink when the print has dried.) A "fat" fish will appear somewhat larger in the print than it looks to the eye, for this is a flat impression of a curved surface, but few fishermen mind the exaggeration.

Now, wash the fish again, scale or fillet, and cook to taste. □



Running the Rim

story and photos
by Connie Toops



Oregon's Crater Lake
Marathon is one of the
most challenging
and most beautiful races
in the country





“ANYONE who shows up for that race must be crazy!” mumbled my husband as he settled himself back into bed. I glanced outside the window at the thick fog shrouding our usual view of the mountainous ridges of Crater Lake National Park. I’ll have to admit I was a bit doubtful as I loaded my camera gear into the car. The wind was howling and spits of rain stung my face. As I came back inside for my mittens, I figured the temperature was probably hovering at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit — cold, but not unusual for mid-August high in the Oregon Cascades.

That was the summer of 1976, the day of the first marathon at Crater Lake National Park. My husband and I were working at Crater Lake that summer as park rangers and for several weeks I had been hearing about preparations for the race. Because I

had never seen a marathon before, and because some adventurous friends of mine had entered, I decided to drive up to watch the start despite the lousy weather.

By the time I arrived at the 7,600-foot Watchman Overlook where the race was to begin, the weather conditions had deteriorated. Bone-chilling winds whipped along the ridge. The air was saturated with fog and occasionally harder rain and sleet. Huddled in an old bus the park used to transport the runners to the starting line were about 35 skimpily clad individuals. As I shivered inside my parka, I had to agree with my husband — these guys were crazy! Nervously they flexed muscles, retied shoes, and tried to keep warm as they received prerace instructions. Finally the bus doors opened and the handful of runners spilled out. In a moment

← Starting Line —
Watchman Overlook

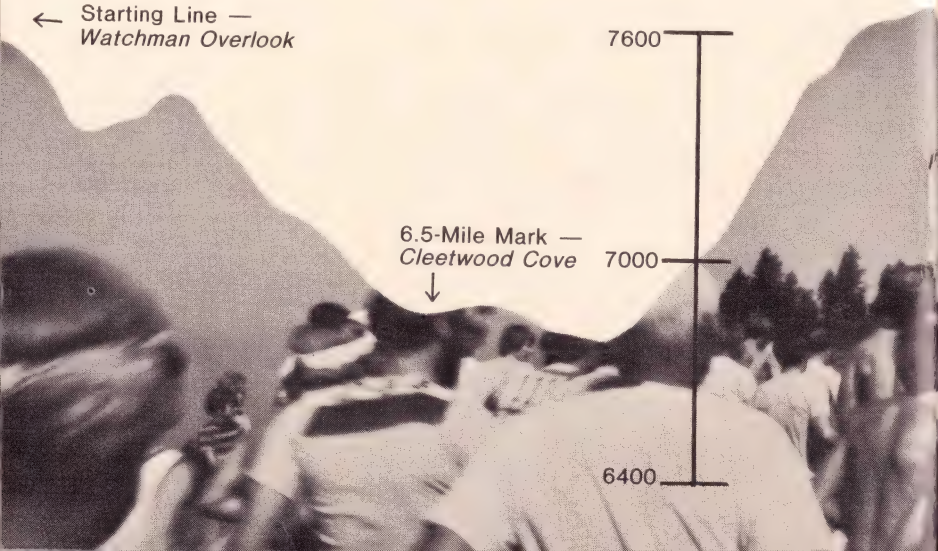
6.5-Mile Mark —
Cleetwood Cove



7600

7000

6400



they were lined up across the road, and at the sound of the gun, they disappeared into the gray mist. Three hours and 28 minutes later Frank Shields, a member of the local Linkville Lopers Running Club of Klamath Falls, crossed the finish line, the first of five runners to complete the 26-mile, 385-yard course.

Few people heard about the first marathon and no one paid much attention to the results. The winning time was painfully slow and most of those who started settled for covering the 6.5-mile or 13-mile distances instead of the full marathon. But as I talked with the wet, cold and enthusiastic runners after the race, I began to realize this was going to be an annual event. Three short years later *Runner's World* magazine, a jogger's answer to *Time*, proclaimed this marathon one of the five most unique races



in the country.

To see why, just consider a profile of the course. This is no ordinary marathon! The elevation alone is enough to discourage many runners — altitudes vary from 6,400 to 7,700 feet. But the hills are even worse. From the nine-mile mark to the 13-mile marker, runners must climb steadily. They gain 900 feet in elevation only to crest the ridge and descend 900 feet in the next four miles. Then comes another four-mile climb, rising 700 feet this time. It's on this hill that many marathoners hit what is known in runner's

← 13-Mile Mark —
Cloudcap

CRATER LAKE MARATHON Elevation Profile



jargon as "the wall." That's the imaginary point in a race where the runner's energy gives out, his body becomes numb with pain, and his mind begins to disassociate from his body. Most finishers say, however, the worst section is nearer the end. Over the last major crest, the course plummets 750 feet in just one mile. Weary legs and stiff knees are jarred stride after stride in the quick descent. The urge to stop, to walk, to rest is more likely to grab hold here than anywhere else on the course.

Why do they come, then, these mad marathoners who want to run the rim? Each has his or her personal goal, but the reasons mentioned most often are the physical challenge and the enjoyment of running in a new place. No doubt the Crater Lake Marathon is one of the most challenging races in the country, but it is also one of the most beautiful.

The course follows Rim Drive, a scenic roadway circling high above Crater Lake. The drive, with its views of volcanic formations and the sparkling azure waters of the deepest lake in the country, is one of the highlights of any trip to Crater Lake National Park, although most visitors prefer to tour the road by car! The air is cool, crisp and clean, and the forests through which the drive passes are abundant with wildlife. Along the route, several springs pour forth crystal cold water.

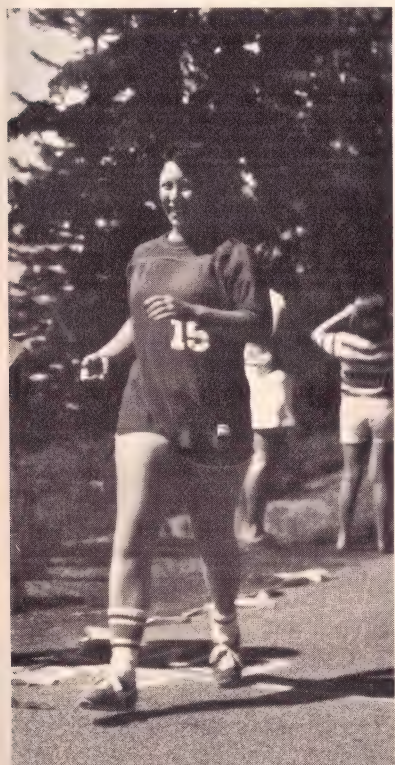
Despite the hills, the elevation and the sometimes uncooperative weather, it is a beautiful place to run. As each

runner completes his long and sometimes lonely journey around the rim, his senses are drenched with the chill of the wind, the warmth of the sun, the cold and wet reality of rain, and the solitude of running in a wild place. All who run here say they experience a satisfying sense of refreshment.

A year later I found myself standing again at the base of Watchman Overlook, waiting for the start of the 1977 marathon. The weather was better this time and the turnout was far greater than expected. The enthusiastic entrants milled about, limbering up muscles and renewing friendships. As I stood watching the runners line up, my thoughts drifted back to the rain and cold of a year before. The 35 entrants had now multiplied to 200 — a six-fold increase in only one year! Perhaps that was a typical reflection of the running craze now sweeping the country.

As they toed the line, I wondered how many among them had prepared for the challenge, how many would fall victim to elevation and hills, and how many would find the inner strength to continue.

Two hours, 53 minutes later, Jeff Barrie from Portland became the first to cross the finish line. Somehow he had managed to trim 35 minutes from the previous year's time. Twenty-four other marathoners followed Barrie to the tape. Included in the finishers were two women and a 60-year-old man! A total of 112 runners completed 6.5 miles, and 51 ran to the 13-mile point. Almost everyone I talked



to after the race was enthusiastic about his or her run around the rim. Many of them planned to return the next year, some promising to bring friends. And that's just what they did. In 1978 nearly 500 entrants met at Watchman Overlook, and Thom Burleson of Eugene, Oregon, finished in two hours, 37 minutes. His time was almost an hour faster than the first run two years before.

Like an ever-widening ripple on the surface of Crater Lake, the marathon's popularity is skyrocketing. In order for the National Park Service to handle all of the runners and onlookers in 1979, the number of participants had to be limited to 500, but even so, crowds are expected to increase each year.

No one can guarantee what the weather will be like for forthcoming marathon days. It may be sunny, raining or even snowing. But the big challenges — the elevation and the hills — will always be there. And so will the runners.

It may seem like a crazy thing to do, pitting yourself against an unfeeling mountain. But for those who have done it, there's a special satisfaction gained in measuring yourself to the very limit. That's what running the rim is all about. □

Editor's note: The 1980 Crater Lake Marathon will be run August 9. For details, contact Bob Freirich, race director, at 5830 Mack Avenue, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Courier XLT

COURIER

**Designed to work hard
and play hard**

by Gerald W. Odom

THE 1980 Ford Courier, a compact bundle of exciting energy, is changing the way Americans work and play. Name your game — or job — and Courier is ready for it, whether it's hunting, fishing, camping, that special world of free-wheeling fun, or another activity.

As a lightweight workhorse, this stylish little truck carries more payload — standard 635 kilograms (1,400 pounds) — than some full-size model trucks.

In addition to that, Ford Courier earns its own way. It has the best fuel economy of top-selling compact trucks. Equipped with its standard 2.0-liter overhead cam engine and optional five-speed manual overdrive transmission, Courier has an EPA-estimated [21] mpg and a highway rating of 37 mpg.

You can have Courier plain and simple, luxurious or sporty. With all the features offered on the 1980 models, you can have a Courier that's suited to both your life and work styles.

The standard Ford Courier comes with four-speed manual transmission; power-assisted front disc and self-adjusting rear drum brakes; variable-ratio steering; vinyl bench seat with hinged back for easy access to the stowage area; wraparound taillights with integral turn signals, stop lights and back-up lights; dome light; inside

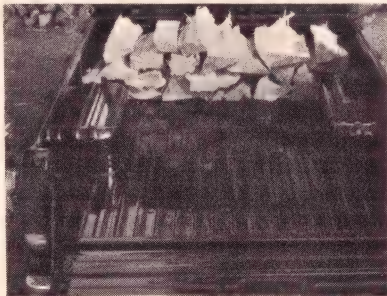
hood release and keyless door locks. The roomy 1,918-millimeter (six-foot) pickup box has cargo tie-down hooks, and the tailgate can be operated with one hand, making for easy loading and unloading. You can choose from six attractive Courier colors: White, Yellow, Dark Red, Dark Brown and Light Blue, and one optional color, Black.

Top of the line is the Ford Courier XLT. This model features bright grille surround and bright moldings on windshield, rear window, drip rails, wheel lips and taillights. There also are bright bodyside moldings with black vinyl inserts and deluxe wheel covers.

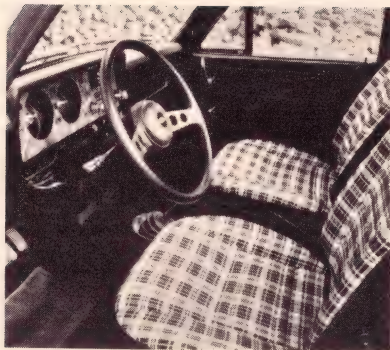
XLT has special touches inside, too. Pleated vinyl seat and door trim complements the woodtone upper door trim panels and floorshift knob. Other features include cut-pile carpeting, day/night mirror, ashtray, underhood and glovebox lights, glove box lock, sport steering wheel, temperature gauge and ammeter.

Courier's chassis-cab model lets

Optional 2,210-millimeter (seven-foot) box



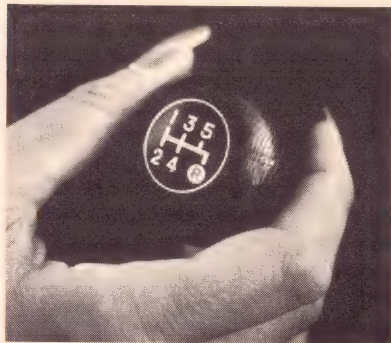
*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates are lower.



Sport Group includes individually adjustable bucket seats.

you add a second unit body of up to 317 kilograms (700 pounds). The completed vehicle may have a frontal area of up to 2.5 square meters (29 square feet). The chassis-cab is available only with four-speed manual transmission and 1,859-kilogram (4,100-pound) GVWR, and requires Courier's optional 2.3-liter engine.

Five-speed manual overdrive transmission is optional.



This model can be ordered in short or long wheelbase.

With Courier's wide range of options, you can tailor the truck to your kind of work or play — or both. This year Courier owners have the widest choice ever of optional appearance packages with which to personalize their vehicles. The new Exterior Decor Group is an especially economical means of dressing up the feisty little truck with a selection of body moldings (package not available on XLT). The Exterior Decor Group includes bright drip rail and wheel lip moldings, plus bright bodyside moldings with black vinyl inserts.

For a super sporty look, you can opt for one of two Free Wheeling packages. Free Wheeling Package "A" includes a black-painted GT bar and a front push bar. Package "B" adds four cast aluminum wheels, five raised-white-letter tires and a distinctive three-color accent tape stripe keyed to the exterior color choice.

The Sport Group gives you another kind of Courier. This option includes sport steering wheel, temperature gauge and ammeter. There are also individually adjustable bucket seats trimmed in black vinyl with black-and-white plaid fabric inserts. Black carpeting and interior trim add finishing touches.

In addition to appearance, your Courier can be as comfortable and convenient as you like, simply by taking advantage of the wide variety of options available.

You can choose air conditioning



Standard Ford Courier

that features a three-speed fan and four air outlets for cool comfort.

A Soft Ride Package is available as an option. It has five-leaf progressive-rate rear springs and a 1,632-kilogram (3,600-pound) GVWR and a payload of 408 kilograms (900 pounds).

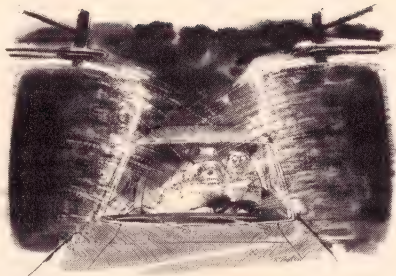
For convenience, Courier can be equipped with low-mount Western mirrors and an argent step bumper. Also offered is a 2,210-millimeter (seven-foot) cargo box; it comes with a 66-liter (17.5-gallon) fuel tank.

Courier's Cold Weather Group consists of an electric rear-window defroster, a heavy-duty battery and a high-output heater. Easy listening is provided by AM and AM/FM monaural pushbutton radios. Optional transmissions include the five-speed

manual with overdrive and a three-speed automatic (available only with 2.3-liter engine). Courier is rated to haul Class I trailers (up to 21 square feet frontal area) with the standard GVWR and optional 2.3 engine.

When you're looking at the 1980 Courier, ask your dealer about Ford Motor Company's optional Extended Service Plan. The plan covers certain major systems on a new Courier for longer than the basic warranty. The cost is surprisingly moderate for the protection you get. (There's also a version of the plan for used models.)

Put it all together and you've got an economical truck that's designed to work hard and play hard. Courier will change your way of thinking, when you think of trucks. □



Missy in the Carwash

A HORROR STORY

by Burgess H. Scott

ONE DAY while sitting around the house I thought I'd occupy the next hour or so by getting my car washed. As I arose from my chair in the corner of the living room (into which I had sunk an hour or so previously for a blissful nap) Missy, my little 40-pound Cockerpoo, looked up brightly, asking to go along.

I agreed and as I went out, she accompanied me, frisking and wagging her tail vigorously. She well demonstrated her happiness in being a member of this fun thing. She stood shiveringly eager as I rolled down the window to talk to the attendant who

received my payment, and she stretched out and licked him graciously, happily, much to his delight.

Thence, Missy and I proceeded into the car wash and our car was engaged in the crawling chain for which everybody has to have engine off and car in neutral. The chain drew us inevitably into a cavern of doom.

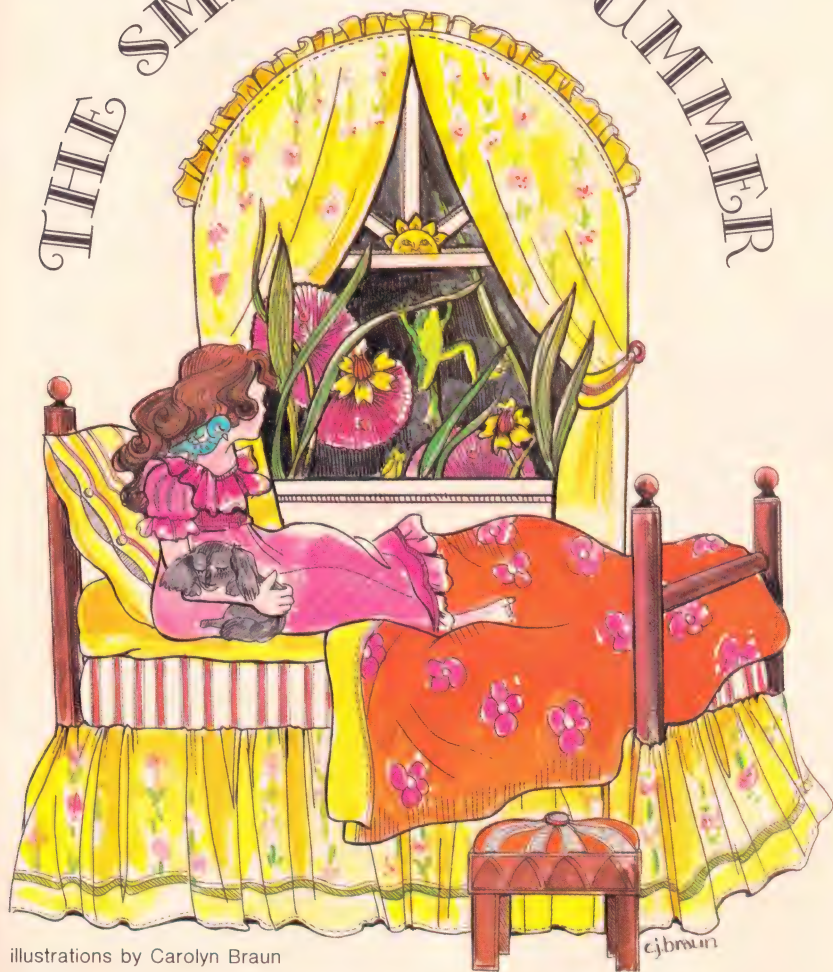
The first inkling that Missy was disturbed came with the first cloud-burst of high-pressure water that surrounded us. She looked up terrified and pawed my leg for solace. I patted her and tried to give her reassurance, but then two fierce Muppet-like whirlers arose from the front and whipped the hood, windshield and top with ominous thump-thumps. By that time Missy was beside herself with terror.

But that wasn't all — the next horrors were big, bushy things that bit at my car's side windows and looked inside, wanting to eat all those delectabilities seen through the windows. Missy then crept into my lap, trembling, and wishing surcease from this persecution. But she got no such solace. Next were big octopus tentacles, slimy and dripping, flapping over my hood, windshield, roof and rear deck.

As if that were not enough, a storm of wind and rain descended on my car like a voice of evil. By this time Missy was reduced to a nervous wreck. By the time the carwash wipers finished their job and my car rolled out into the sunlight, Missy's terror was over and she curled up on her side of the seat and took a long nap. □

by Carol S. Kennedy

THE SMELLS OF SUMMER



illustrations by Carolyn Braun

**Sometimes
just opening a window
can reactivate your
olfactory memory bank
in a most pleasant way**



WHAT IS the most powerful memory-jogger known to man? Proust made a good case for taste: One bite of the fateful madeleine and he was off on a 20-year course of remembrances for which we are all the better, if not the more exhausted.

I nominate the sense of smell.

Certain smells are sure tickets to the past: Dentyne gum, detectable within a six-foot radius, takes me to the 1963 Teentown dance where I held hands with a boy for the first time. A just-snuffed candle conjures up memories of Thanksgiving — '52,

'66 or '71 — and my stuffed, smiling clan retiring to the drawing room.

But there is one happy conglomerate of smells that transcends all others: the smells of summer. I celebrate their coming early every year — usually sometime in April — when I first open my windows. Gulping the scent of newly turned earth and quickening vegetation, I can believe again in warmth, life — and any other reckless daffodil promise. The smells never change. Sometimes poignant, always potent, their evocations chronicle my growing up and bring pleasure to my present.

My growing up was done in a house without air conditioning, a distinguishing feature in the Midwest of the '60s, with its relentless wring-the-humidity-out-of-your-handkerchief hot spells. My father, however, wanted no part of artificial cooling devices. A scholarly individualist with iron-jawed mistrust of mechanization, he had purchased three lots on Forest Lane, a pre-World War II demi-subdivision, and had built a modest brick house slightly east of center. The property was indeed forest-like — having been named before the era of building contractor euphemism — and my father guarded his preserve with zeal.

"Look," he'd say cheerily to guests, his waving arm encompassing treetops and dense undergrowth, "natural air conditioning!"

Well, yes and no. With my bed pushed to the south window, I usually managed to suck in whatever night

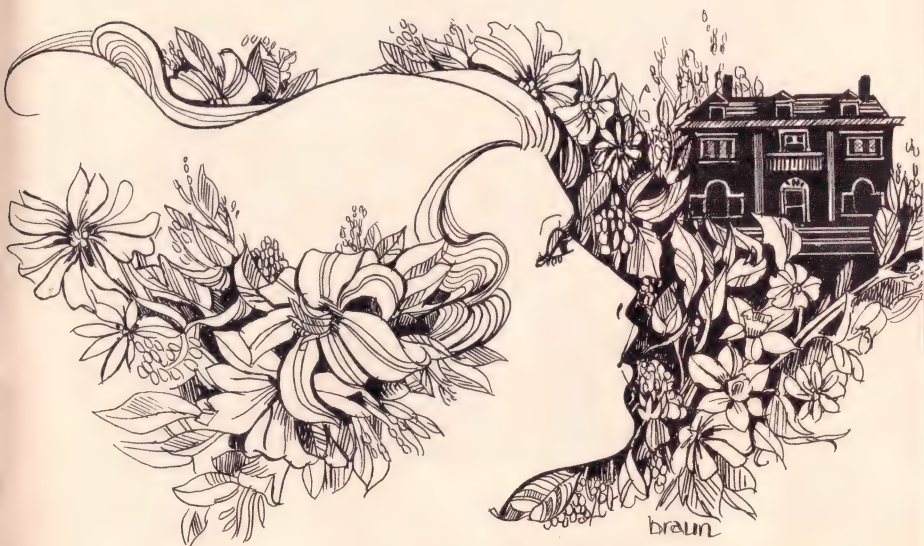
breeze drifted through, along with some heady whiffs of honeysuckle, eventually falling asleep to a serenade of katydids and tree frogs. Days could be less pleasant. At any rate, my family missed not a single one of summer's sensory pleasures.

We could always count on ordinary house smells — dormant throughout the winter, but set free by warm air. Upholstery, draperies and carpeting. Cotton, wool and linen, mingling in crisp bouquet. No poet will ever write, "A rug by any other name would smell as sweet" (and just as well). Yet this fragrance deserves, if not a fit of lyricism, at least a nod of appreciation.

The poets, too, made contributions

to summer's olfactory delights. Their works, resting on the bookshelf, took on new dimension as summer drew forth their signature scent of bindings, paper and ink. This odor, known to all bibliophiles, is a cousin to the homogenized Wisdom-of-the-Ages ambience of public libraries. The domestic library, however, is redolent of the atmosphere unique to each home: Our books smelled faintly of Dad's ever-present cigars.

While books may need some coaxing from summer, newspapers take blatant advantage of it. Their raggy pungency commands a warm room the way Mae West dominates a Pullman car. That's why I remember so clearly Saturday evenings of my early



teens, spent on the back porch with the weekend paper and a homemade chocolate ice cream cone.

I would take the comics to our antique cane rocking chair, lean back, double my knees and hook my heels

over the seat. (It was the only way to balance a newspaper and an ice cream cone and still have enough leverage to rock.) And there I sat, not doubting for a moment that I was spending Saturday night in the grand-



est manner: in chocolatey, nose-tickling indulgence, as moths vibrated against the lampshade and the old rocker creaked out the measure of my time.

Summer meant outdoor smells, too. Holiday picnics at my mother's family compound. Acrid fireworks, phosphorescent fountains, Roman candles. White-hot voltage of sparklers illuminating craggy faces and baby-smooth ones, identical in their wonderment. Always too soon, the ride back through the deep, sweet perfume that is country after dark.

Traveling west, traveling east. Hanging out the car window inhaling gasoline fumes at the pumps. Primal aura of fresh-water lakes. The varied stuffiness of look-alike American motels and seedy Canadian inns.

Our last stop — inevitably — my father's beloved farm. Aromatic black dirt sprouting rows of soybeans. Inside the barn, dust and straw; cowhide and hot raw milk.

Home again. Coppertone at the pool; sautéed flesh. Mingling aromas of corn on the cob and Mother's blueberry shortcake wafting from kitchen windows. Tarry patch jobs left by shirtless road crews. And that product of my father's clacking hand mower — perhaps the quintessential summer smell — freshly cut grass.

Then the smells stopped. They disappeared as I moved in my new role of married working woman from air-conditioned apartment to air-conditioned car to air-conditioned office. I didn't miss them right away,

but noticed with increasing edginess that summer had lost its character. My old favorite now had all the snap of a sanitized plastic cup.

We changed apartments, we bought a house, but no matter where we lived, trees or cross-ventilation, or both, were apparently passé. So the windows stayed shut and so did my olfactory memory bank.

For six years I went without my smells of summer until finally, last July, we had a cool spell so persistent we left the windows open for a week.

It took about three days, but our seasonal Sleeping Beauty came to at last: I picked up a newspaper, sneezed violently and welcomed summer back into my life.

The revelation was timely, for we were completing plans for a new house. At our request, the builder added windows to the side exposures sufficient to cross-ventilate us right off our hilltop in a high wind. Those windows have stayed open nearly all this summer in the best tradition of natural air conditioning: a boon not only to conscience and pocketbook, but also to our reawakened senses.

A change has occurred, too, on Forest Lane: The little brick house wears three window air-conditioning units. They are used sparingly. I do not feel there is cause for disillusionment; if anything, it appears that a healthy balance has come to all our lives.

And the smells of summer — spicy, subtle, always reassuring — prevail. □

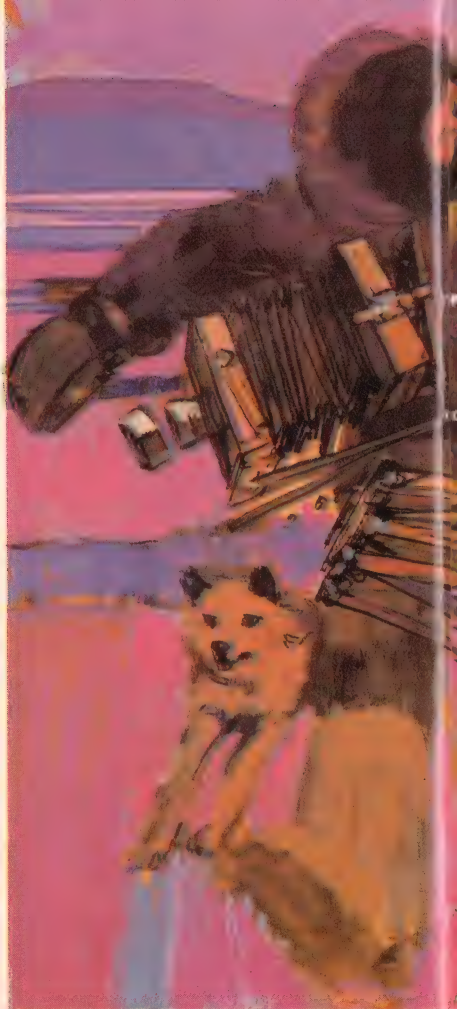
illustrations by Thomas Sgouros

by Lew Dietz

MYTH OF THE KILLER WHALE

THE NAME this largest of the dolphin family bears hasn't helped, of course. And most certainly the killer whale has the credentials to back up his historic reputation as the gangster

of the high seas: a mouthful of keen and gleaming choppers and the capability of torpedoing a sleek tear-drop body weighing up to nine tons at speeds of up to 35 knots.





To this awesome endowment add sophisticated echolocation — a natural sonar system — and communications, and a predilection for hunting in packs, and you have a least likely

candidate for the Playmate of the Month.

Small wonder then that as recently as 1965 not even members of the scientific establishment were willing to

consider *Orcinus orca* other than a bloodthirsty machine of destruction. In view of authenticated tales of killer whales attacking small boats, it was generally accepted that the only reason that people were not on his diet was that this sea-going terror hadn't had sufficient opportunity to acquire a taste for human flesh.

Over the centuries a considerable body of killer whale lore and apocrypha accumulated, all of it bad. Perhaps the most frequently quoted experience was that of the photographer who accompanied Robert Scott on his 1911 Antarctic expedition. He was standing on an ice floe when a group of killers appeared suddenly and proceeded to break up the ice pack, forcing him to dance from cake to cake as he escaped to shore.

"And not a moment too soon," he wrote, "As I looked back, a huge black and tawny head was pushed out of the water . . . looking around with its little pig-like eyes to see what had become of me. The brute opened his jaws wide, and I saw the terrible teeth which I had so narrowly escaped."

Another oft-told tale which furnished the killer's popular horror image was first published in 1866 by a Professor Eschricht. He reported that he had recovered from the stomach of a stranded killer 13 porpoises and 14 seals. Indeed an awesome meal unless one makes the reasonable assumption that the professor was counting fragments of seals ingested over a considerable period of time.

The killer's putative habit of preying on bottlenose dolphins alone would be quite enough to mark him as a villain with few redeeming traits. The bottlenose has long been enshrined as a friend of man, and, aided and abetted by Walt Disney's Flipper, the No. 1 darling of aquarium visitors. Not even the killer's striking black and white, penguin-like hide, which gives him the air of a sporty bon vivant on the town, could offset the bad press generated by such egregious behavior.

Understandably, anyone suggesting a scant decade ago that the killer whale might one day vie with his cousin Flipper for the title of Sea World Sweetheart would have been dismissed as an idiot.

The date that the killer whale began his spectacular transformation from villain to love object can be precisely fixed as July 1965 when a collector for the Vancouver Public Aquarium harpooned a young male killer near Saturna, British Columbia. It didn't occur to aquarists or anyone else that one of these fierce marine carnivores might be captured alive, let alone survive in captivity. The sole purpose of the expedition was to acquire a fresh carcass from which a museum replica might be constructed.

When it appeared that the creature had only been stunned, the prize was towed 40 miles to Vancouver and held in a makeshift pen. Not only was this the first killer whale ever captured alive, it was the largest marine mammal ever placed on public view.



Crowds gathered to gawk at the seven-day wonder. His voice was heard by millions on a special radio program and a Canadian government-sponsored movie was made and released in 44 countries around the world.

Actually, Moby Doll, as he was dubbed before his sex was ascertained, survived for almost three months, quite long enough for oceanariums to realize the killer whale's al-

most limitless potential as an attraction. Six months later when another killer was trapped accidentally behind a stop-seine near the British Columbia village of Namu, Seattle promoters wasted no time in gambling a whopping \$8,000 on the prize.

The gamble paid off handsomely. Far from demonstrating surly anti-social behavior, the 4½-ton Namu promptly formed close human attachments, submitting to fondling and in-



dulging his trainer by parading him around the pool on his back.

The first killer whale to be deliberately captured was a young female named Shamu. She lived congenially with Namu for several months before being airlifted to Sea World in San Diego where she was billed as "The Most Famous Whale in the World." And she lived up to her billing, acquiring an amazing repertoire of tricks — or what scientists refer to as "behaviors" — the most spectacular of which was simply making a short run and taking her full 17 feet vertically out of the water, her bellywhopping reentry dousing the awed and spellbound audiences with several tons of water.

When Shamu added to her performance the business of opening her toothed jaws wide to admit the head of her trainer, who went through an act of examining her tonsils, the man-killer myth was effectively quashed and the rush was on. In the matter of a few years several scores of killers were captured to delight millions of oceanarium visitors on both coasts.

This traffic was slowed considerably by the federal Marine Mammals Protection Act of 1973 which forbade the taking of all marine mammals without a permit. Inevitably, this legal proscription posed the moral question

of man's right to confine wild creatures of such a high order of intelligence.

The aquarist's argument was difficult to refute. Millions of people were being both entertained and educated and in the process gaining a warmer feeling toward all creatures with which man shares the earth. As for the killer whale, it was pointed out that this revisionist view of his character might never have evolved had he not been brought in close association with man.

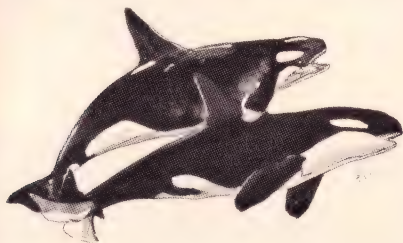
Scientists offered an even more cogent justification for bringing this little-known marine mammal within the range of man's observation. In the few brief years since the killer whale has been available for study, man has learned more about him than in all the preceding millennia, not the least of which was the discovery that this toothed behemoth preferred socializing with humans to eating them.

Scientists class all whales as members of the mammalian order *Cetacea*. These aquatic mammals are of two kinds — the huge baleen whales such as the blue and hump-back that sieve huge rations of tiny animal plankton through screened jaws, and toothed whales equipped to manage larger prey. The most populous toothed family is called *Delphinidae* — dolphins and porpoises — and its largest and least known representative is the killer whale.

Today, killers are obligingly cooperating with investigators, returning the kindness they have been shown in

captivity with patient submission to electrocardiograms, blood sampling, collections of blowhole gases and all manner of physiological and psychological testings. The killers' songs have been recorded and studied, both the clicks that serve their echolocation system and the whistles and squeaks with which they communicate with their fellows.

Marine physiologists now know how the whale manages to dive to



abysmal depths of nearly a mile without the ill effects of pressures which human divers incur beyond a few hundred feet. When a killer reaches a certain pressure point in descent his chest folds in and his system switches to muscle-blood oxygen stored to sustain him.

We have learned that the killer has underwater eyesight equal to a cat's vision; that in sleep the killer has the humanlike habit of snoring; that the inner space of the sea is not a quiet place. As one investigator put it, the ocean voices when amplified can sound like a large cocktail party in full swing.

Although the overwhelming evi-

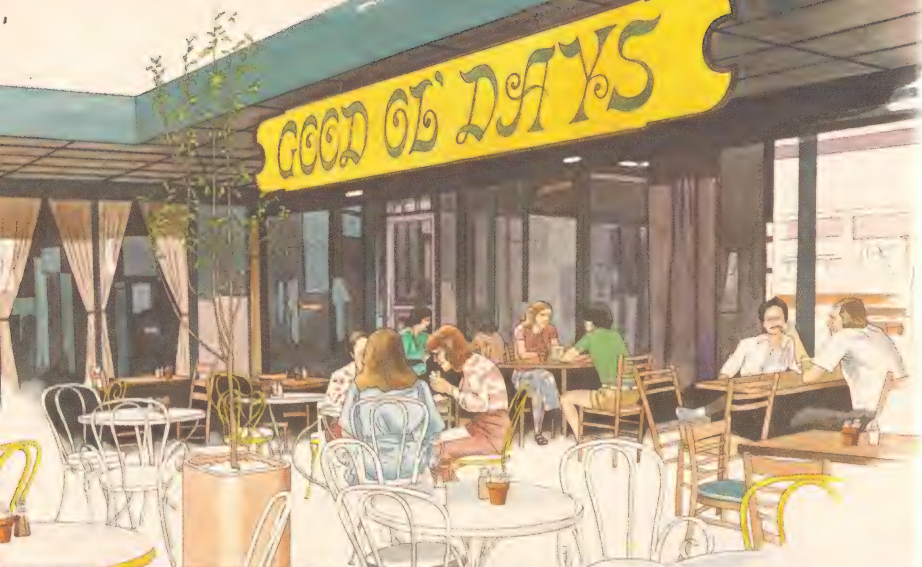
dence suggests that killers do indeed prey at times upon dolphins, seals and sea lions, as yet no one has actually witnessed this uncousinly behavior. Not long ago, a California aquarist, though refusing to commit himself to a position in the matter, presented his personal observation for what it was worth.

"One of our sea lions, looking for food, found a way to sneak into the whale tank. The killer obviously knew the sea lion was there foraging at the bottom. The killer not only didn't attack the sea lion, but every now and then would share his own rations and drop the sea lion a fish."

Today, every major oceanarium has a killer whale as a headliner and millions of visitors each year are afforded the opportunity to get to know this engaging cetacean better. It should be noted that neither scientists nor aquarists are disposed to characterize this daunting creature as a pussycat. The care and feeding of these sometimes unpredictable marine powerhouses are left to the experts.

At the Sea World one day a young lady fell off the back of a killer whale while she was putting on an act for a movie crew. Butted rudely a few times as she struggled to swim to poolside, she was convinced her days were numbered. But then the five-ton whale took the girl's foot in his teeth and gently delivered her to the trainer.

"Heck," the shaken girl said later, "he was only being playful. If he'd wanted to he could have bitten my leg off." □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



illustration by Robert Bragg

GOOD OL' DAYS ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"Come back with us to the good old days" is the invitation Sally Nichols issues to guests in her restaurant at 3013 Peachtree Street, N. E. She offers an array of homemade breads (especially her honey-wheat bread baked in flower pots), cakes, cookies and other specialties made with natural ingredients. Homemade soups, sandwiches and desserts with a few entrees and salads round out her unusual menu at reasonable prices. In the heart of the city's historical area, the restaurant is open for lunch and dinner every day.

CARROT CAKE

- 4 eggs
- 1¼ cups cooking oil
- 2 cups sugar

CHINA PALACE SALISBURY, MARYLAND

The ambitious menu in this unusual restaurant can have you exploring several different categories of Chinese cuisine each time you visit. Among the specialties offered are the Szechuan and Hunan dishes noted for high seasonings such as Mongolian beef with ginger sauce, as well as the more familiar sweet-and-sour meat, fish and poultry dishes. Brothers Steve Quach, chief cook, and Jimmy Quach, manager, succeed in aiming to please all tastes with their 90-item menu and a variety of exotic drinks. Exit U.S. Highway 50 to U.S. 13 south to Accurate Suburban Center.

illustration by Walter Brightwell

- 1 cup unbleached flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup whole wheat flour
- 1½ cups shredded raw carrots
- 1½ cups shredded raw yams
- 1 cup chopped dates
- Pecan halves

Beat eggs until foamy. Beat in oil and sugar. Sift flour with baking powder, soda, cinnamon, salt and nutmeg. Blend in whole wheat flour. Stir in carrots, yams and dates, mixing well to coat each piece. Blend into egg mixture and mix well. Pour into 2 buttered 8-inch-square pans or 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan. Bake at 350° 45 to 50 minutes. Cool, spread with icing and cover with pecans.

Icing: Beat 6 tablespoons soft margarine, 2 cups confectioners' sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Slowly beat in hot milk to spreading consistency.

Lunch and dinner served daily. Weekend reservations recommended.

HOUSE SPECIAL CHICKEN

Mix 1¼ cups chicken broth, 1½ teaspoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon MSG; set aside. Mix 2 tablespoons corn starch and 4 tablespoons water; set aside. Over high heat in wok or skillet, heat 3 tablespoons oil. Add ½ teaspoon crushed red peppers, 1 bunch scallions (white part only, cut in ½-inch pieces), 2 small minced garlic cloves, 1 small piece minced ginger root. Sauté 45 seconds. Add 2 whole boned chicken breasts cut in ½-inch pieces; sauté 2 minutes. Add chicken broth and 1 tablespoon sherry; cook and stir 5 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons white vinegar, corn starch mixture; stir until thickened. Add ¼ teaspoon sesame oil. Serve on steamed rice. (Note: It's important to have all ingredients ready before cooking.)

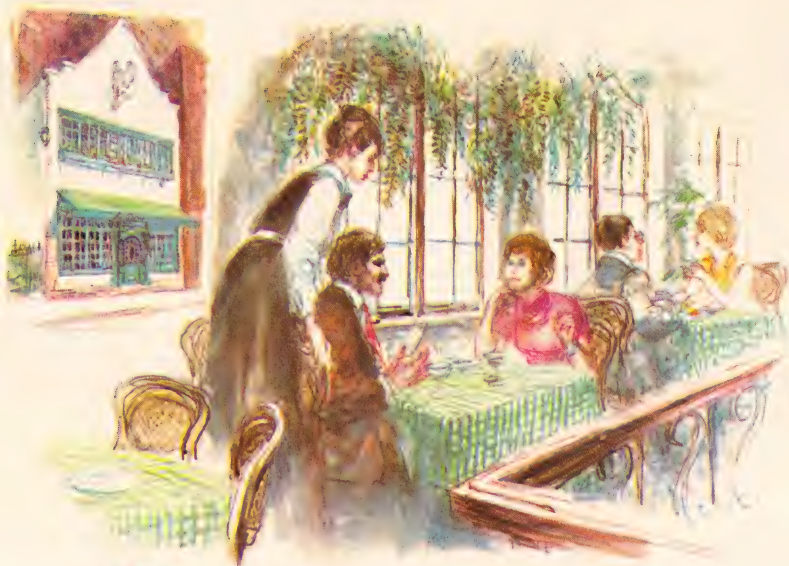


illustration by Ray Houlihan

LA SERRE

ALBANY, NEW YORK

"Create a French restaurant with a warm and friendly atmosphere" was the aim of Anne and Geoffry Trimble when they tackled the renovation of a 100-year-old print shop in downtown Albany a few years ago. Today their gabled white building with awnings and flower boxes at 14 Green Street is a charming and popular drawing card within walking distance of a busy mall. It's a gathering place for people to relax in the white and green decor of simple architecture and luxuriant greenery of growing plants and enjoy the quality food. Open Monday through Saturday for lunch and dinner. Reservations recommended.

BEEF WELLINGTON — Individual

- 4 filets of beef (6 ounces each)
- 4 pastry portions, each 5-inches square by $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick

LOU MITCHELL'S CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Many regular customers agree that life would be happier if each day could be started with a super breakfast as served here at 563 West Jackson Boulevard in a busy section of the city. Excellent foods, cheery atmosphere and courteous service are the watchwords. Open for breakfast and lunch from 5:45 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday and 5:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Saturday. Closed Sundays and holidays. Lou Mitchell, the owner, puts a special emphasis on Greek-style cooking and a variety of omelets served each day with toasted

illustration by Bruce Bond

Brandy

- 2 eggs, beaten with 1 tablespoon water
- 4 slices French pâté ($\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick)
- 4 ounces grated Swiss cheese
- 4 large mushrooms, sliced
- 4 tablespoons Bordelaise sauce

Marinate filets in brandy about 1 hour. Remove and pat dry. Arrange pastry squares on baking sheet. Brush one side with beaten egg. On each square place a slice of pâté and top with $\frac{1}{2}$ mushroom, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce grated cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Bordelaise sauce. Place filet on top, then add another $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cheese and remaining mushroom slices. Fold dough around meat, sealing completely. Lightly brush with egg mixture, coating dough all over. Bake in preheated 450° oven 20 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Serves 4.

Quick Bordelaise Sauce: Heat 1 tablespoon butter in small saucepan, add thin onion slice and cook until soft. Discard onion. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour and cook and stir until brown. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup beef bouillon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup red wine, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt and dash of pepper. Cook and stir until thick.

homemade Greek whole-wheat bread.

VEGETABLE OMELET: Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil in saucepan, add 1 cup finely diced zucchini, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper. Sauté until soft, stir in 8-ounce can tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons grated cheese. Cook until blended, season with salt and pepper and keep warm. Mix 4 eggs and 4 tablespoons water with fork until blended. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and dash pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in hot omelet pan or skillet. Add eggs, reduce heat and cook, tilting pan to let uncooked part run under, until browned on bottom. Spoon some of the sauce on half, fold over and slide onto hot platter. Spoon remaining sauce on top and around sides. Serves 2 to 3.

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you find a little
bit of everything but gloves*

Learn Gourmet Cooking — One of New York's top restaurants — literally (it's on the 107th floor of the World Trade Center) offers organized groups a program of cooking shows entitled "Cooking with the Chef at Windows on the World." From 8:45 to 11 a.m. weekdays, Henri Boubée, executive chef, and Marion Gorman, award-winning cookbook author, show how to prepare an array of foods from the menus of the restaurant. Although the show is limited to groups of 50 or more, persons who are interested may be included in a group already scheduled. Telephone (212) 938-0032 or write to Windows on the World, One World Trade Center, Suite 10207, New York, New York 10048. The cost is \$25 per person, plus tax.

Pacific Adventures — *Wilderness expeditions and weekend outings on land and water make this travel-vacation agency something out of the ordinary. Scheduled this year are such activities as whitewater rafting, bicycle touring and hot air ballooning. Cave exploration, mountain climbing and hiking are routine. For*

the less strenuous-minded, there is a bird-watching expedition. For the schedule of events call (714) 684-1227 or write to Pacific Adventures, P.O. Box 5041, Riverside, California 92517.

All About Ford — In *Super Ford* magazine (not sponsored or published by Ford Motor Company), the articles deal exclusively with Ford cars, and the emphasis is on performance. Here's a sampling of this monthly magazine's regular features: Mean Machines, Street Rod Corner, Readers' Cars, Performance Corner and Collector Series. Even the ads — commercial and classified — are all Ford. Each issue is 50 pages, with black-and-white photos and drawings. For a one-year subscription, send a \$12 check or money order to Super Ford, Box 2011, Ovid Street, Seneca Falls, New York 13148.

More Than a Million — *That's how many car and light-truck buyers have purchased Ford's Extended Service Plan since it was introduced in 1976. The new-vehicle plan increases coverage on certain major automotive systems from the normal 12 months or 12,000 miles of the original warranty to 36 months or 36,000 miles, with optional coverage available to 50,000 miles. The used-vehicle plan covers the same systems for up to 12 months or 12,000 miles on eligible Ford-built or competitive-make used cars and*

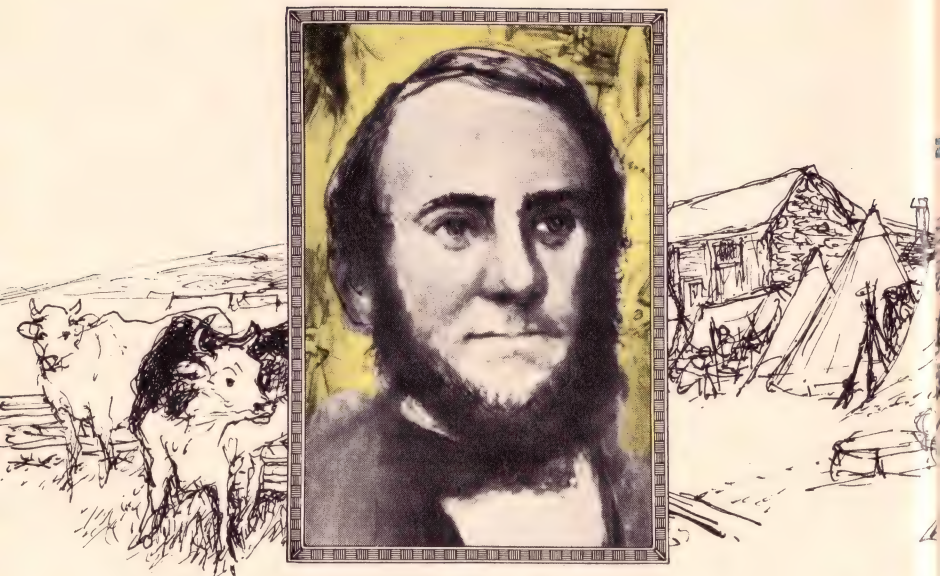
light trucks. See your local Ford dealer for details.

Backroads Bicycling — Backroads Bicycle Touring Co., the newly created brainchild of two ecology-conscious bicycle buffs, is offering week-long and weekend biking vacations throughout western North America. Conceived to help vacationers "rediscover nature through bicycling," the tours are available from March through October and include treks through such areas as California's wine country, Colorado's San Juan Mountains, Death Valley, and Yellowstone and Grand Canyon national parks. For a free brochure, write to Backroads Bicycle Touring Co., 6122 Margarido Drive, Oakland, California 94618, or phone (415) 652-0786.

Swing Your Partner — *The flash and fun of square dancing will be what's new on the show bill of the third annual Hunter Country Music Festival, July 31-August 3, at Hunter Mountain, Hunter, New York. In addition to entertainment by some of Nashville's most famous country-music sons and daughters, there'll be hours of square-dancing fun, including free dance lessons for those who really like to swing. Square-dance teams interested in participating and those wishing free brochures or more information should write to Hunter Country Music Festival, Main Street, Box 297, Hunter, New York 12442.*

For Nature Lovers Only — Are you a birds-and-bees, flowers-and-trees fan? The Kingwood Center, a 47-acre estate in Mansfield, Ohio, dedicated to the study of gardening, horticulture and wild birds, offers for your enjoyment pine woods, wild flowers and more than 75 species of birds. An official test site for developing fancy flowers, Kingwood has colorful floral displays on exhibit throughout the year. In addition, the estate library boasts an extensive collection of books on gardening, landscaping and nature study available to the public. For more information, write Ohio's for You, P.O. Box 1001, Columbus, Ohio 43216, or call toll-free 1-800-BUCKEYE (in Ohio) or 1-800-848-1300 (out-of-state), weekdays between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.

A Little Added Insurance — *Summertime fun and games unfortunately can mean accidents, too. So to minimize the trauma of these and other medical emergencies, Rescue Publications is offering a practical pocket-sized guide to emergency medical care. Researched, compiled and verified by a panel of medical experts, the guide is indexed and cross-referenced for your convenience. It tells you, the layman, how to handle literally hundreds of life-threatening situations. To obtain the guide, send a check or money order for \$6.50 (postpaid) to Rescue Publications, Box 2112, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.* □



The War That Followed WILMER MCLEAN

by Val Lauder

illustrations by Ray Houlihan

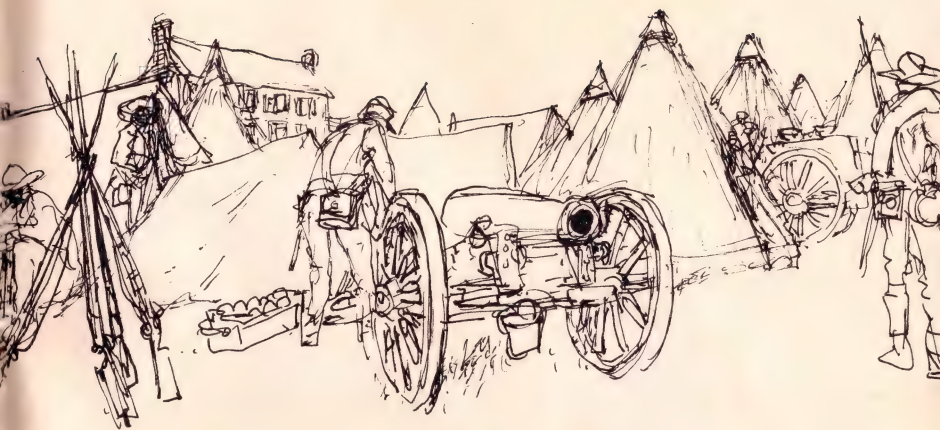
A WAR can be a hard thing to escape. Especially if it follows you. Ask Wilmer McLean.

As a Virginian, he saw the war clouds gathering over the nation in 1861. What Wilmer McLean did not foresee was the fact that the first battle would be fought in his front yard.

On July 16, 1861, when a Union army of 35,000 men moved out of the

nation's capital and crossed the Potomac, its route to Manassas Junction — an important rail center it planned to take on its march to Richmond — ran south by west across a sluggish stream called Bull Run. The stream could be crossed at a number of fords — Mitchell's, Blackburn's and, yes, McLean's.

Wilmer McLean's beautiful 1,200-



acre estate, called Yorkshire, was already dotted with Confederate Army tents. Some 23,000 men in gray, under the command of General P. T. Beauregard, hero of Fort Sumter, had set up housekeeping around the area.

General T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson, with 9,000 men in tow, waited up at Harpers Ferry, champing at the bit to do battle.

Wilmer McLean was the man in the middle.

About noon of the 18th, a cavalry unit of the advance Union force rode out on an open hill some 1,500 yards from the McLean house.

What the Union officers saw on McLean's front lawn was an irresistible target indeed — an assemblage of the Confederate high command.

The first shot whistled over their heads and struck in a cornfield beyond. Shot two fell short about 100 yards, and landed in a peach orchard. The third plowed into the ground

close to the house. The fourth smashed into a corn- and cob-grinding machine in the yard. The fifth exploded in the detached kitchen, jarring loose the mud daubing between the logs, effectively, if unconventionally, "salting" the sliced meat and vegetables that had just been dished up for lunch.

After these opening salvos, the two armies moved into position. General Robert Patterson and his Union forces at Martinsburg, charged with keeping General J. E. Johnston at Winchester from uniting with General Beauregard, failed. By July 20, part of Johnston's army had reached Manassas.

On July 21, General Irving McDowell, who had moved out of Washington five days earlier, commanding the Union forces, attacked. He struck the Confederates near the stone bridge over Bull Run and drove them back, but Stonewall Jackson



checked the Union advance. With the arrival of General K. Kirby Smith's Confederate brigade, the tide turned against the Union. As the unseasoned volunteers fled back to the defenses of Washington, often in panic, their retreat became a rout.

The capture of Richmond was four long years away.

During those years, the chances of another such battle on the property of Wilmer McLean must have ranked with those of lightning striking twice in the same place.

But in August 1862, the two great armies were back.

This time, McLean and his family sent their regrets.

Having the First and Second Battles of Bull Run fought in your cornfields and peach orchards, however, does raise certain questions about real estate values.

Wilmer McLean sold Yorkshire.

The new home he purchased for his growing family was far, far removed from the war zone. Tucked away in the peaceful foothills of southwestern Virginia, the lovely red brick house with its painted white trim seemed the perfect answer to his earnest hope, as expressed to an old friend, that he would never see another soldier.

McLean settled into the quiet life of the small village in the distant backwash of the war — Appomattox Court House.

Peaceful months stretched into a tranquil year.

Then, in April 1865, the two great

armies marched on McLean again.

Forced to surrender Richmond, General Robert E. Lee withdrew westward, hoping to link forces with the Confederate army in North Carolina. General Ulysses S. Grant gave hot pursuit.

Soon men in gray were shuffling along the road to Appomattox. Some were shoeless. Most were starving.

By the evening of April 8, the trickle had fresheted into a flood. And in the wispy mists of morning, the main force of what remained of the Army of Northern Virginia moved through the village, past the McLean house.

Just beyond, in the open fields,





Union cavalry blocked the escape route. Undaunted, still feeling they could break through, the Confederate color bearers rushed forward. A shout went up.

Then the Union infantry arrived.

About 10 o'clock, flags of truce were raised.

After dispatching his letter to Grant, seeking terms, Lee sent an aide into the village to find a suitable place for the meeting.

Who should be the first man the aide would meet?

Wilmer McLean, out for a walk, in the lull following the battle.

It being Sunday, the court house, which might otherwise have been the site of the historic meeting, was closed.

"Can you," asked the aide, "show me a house where General Lee and General Grant can meet?"

McLean took him to a house the aide later described as "all dilapidated with no furniture in it."

The aide said it wouldn't do.

McLean ventured slowly, reluctantly, "Maybe my house will do."

And so it was — the war that started in McLean's front yard ended in his front parlor. □

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